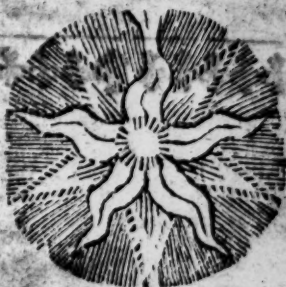


WITS
PRIVATE
WEALTH.

STORED

With choise of Com

modities to content the
Mindo.



Thomas — LONDON, *Quoted*
Printed by THOMAS FAVVET, for GEORGE HVELLO
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1643




F *In nova Editio juxta hoc
Exemplar.*


April, 10. 1639.

SA: BAKER.





*To the right Worshipfull, my much and
much worthy beloved Friend JOHN CROOKE,
Some and Heire to Sir JOHN CROOKE Knight,
all prosperity on Earth, and the joy
of Heaven.*



O present you with a long discourse, might perhaps weary you in the Reading; and to write obscurely, might be a trouble to your understanding: To avoid therefore inconveniences, I have chosen this little piece of Labour to fit the patience of idle leysure; hoping that as in fore-ages, men of great Titles would patronize the writing of good Studies, not regarding the estate or quality of the person, to your true Spirits that can rightly judge of the nature of well-deserving, will not altogether shut my Booke (with my better service) out of your good favour: The Subjects are many, and of divers natures, but (as many Flowers in one Nose-gay) they are heere put together in a little Volume, which perused with that good patience that may make profit of Experience, I hope shall give you some way contentment and no way the contrary: but lest I make too great an Entry to a little House, I will shut the doore to my speech, and only rest in some better service.

*Your affectionatly at command,
N. BRITTON.*

Piccola è la stella chi de Lune grande.



To the Reader.



On that shall happen to light on this piece
of a Booke, how you will or can judge of
what you read, I know not: if it be well,
I am glad you are pleased, if otherwise,
it is past the print, and too late to be
mended: many things are comprehended
in a little roome, and he that reade all
and takes good by none at all, I am perswaded, is either
incapable or carelesse: to be short, such as they be, I send
them to you, set downe with the dayes of the yeare: in halfe
one day you may read them, and ever after thinke on them
as you can conceive, digest, or remember them: some of
them were writtten by wiser men then my selfe, and for the
rest (like ware in a Shop) the good must helpe away with the
bad: To conclude, I commend them with my further love
and service, to the favour of those spirits that judging the
best, will not say the worst: Among whom, hoping you are one
to fill up the number of honest men. I rest,

Your friend as I may,

N. B.

Wits



Wits private Wealth.



He that takes much and gives nothing shall have more wealth then love.

Hee that gives much and takes nothing, shall have many thanks and few friends.

He that spends his youth in Whoring and Dying, may curse the bones, and cry out upon the flesh.

He that builds Castles in the Ayre, in hope of a new world, may breake his neck ere he come halfe to his age.

He that meets an ill-favoured Woman in the morning fasting, 'tis oddes he shall not see a worle sight before dinner.

He that teileth a lye and binds it with an Oath, is either wise in Wit, or wise in conscience.

He that braggeth much of a little worth, hath made his tongue an overthrow to his wit.

He that marieth a rich wife, and abuseth his Matrimony, will either begge among Rogues, or hang for good company.

He that cryes before he is hurt, hath leached wit to avoyd paine, and he that cryeth after a hurt, must learne patience for ease.

He that oweth money, and cannot pay it, is agent for sorrow; but he that hath it, and will not pay it, is a steward for the Divell.

He that scoffeth at God, is already with the Divell, and though he walke in the world, he hath a hell in his Conscience.

He that selleth his cloathes to be drunke with the money, will begge for age, and starve for food.

He that tiseth early and maketh light meales, keeps his body in health, and his stomacke in temper.

His that makes Religion a cloake for villany, deviseth with the Divell to cozen his soule of her comfort.

If you see a fure Wench leere after you when you are past, lay your hand on your heart for feare of your purse.

If a stranger serape acquaintance with you in some private place thinke he wants wealth, or his honesty is out of tune.

He that selleth his ware, and lives by the losse, must give over his trade, or die in a poore case.

A kind hearted man is easily abused, and a high spirited woman must be warily observed.

If you offend God, repentance will have pardon, but if you offend the Law, take heed of execution.

If you marry a whore, make much of the horne, but if you marry a scold, fall to your prayers.

If you have a friend and cannot use him, you want wit, but if you abuse his love, you want honesty.

He that tyeth his love to beauty, may bring his heart to trouble, and he that marieth a foule woman, doth wrong to his eye-sight.

He that will never lend, is unworthy to borrow, but he that comes into suretiship, is in the way to undoing.

If you see an offenders punishment, pray for amendment: but if a horse couler be hanged, it is happy for Tra-
vellers.

To give a woman her will, may be hurt to her wit: and to bridle her nature, may move passion beyond reason.

To build a house without money, is but a dreame of folly, and to travell among Theeves is danger of life.

He that spends more then he gets, will hardly be rich, and he that speakes more then he knowes, will never be counted wise.

He that least seemeth, is the best man, and he that never repenteth is the worst.

A prodigall spender will keepe coyne from cankerling and greedy Usurer will gnaw out the heart of a purse.

He that travaileth a strange way, had need of a guide, and if he want money he must fare hard.

A mouse in a cupboard will marre a whole cheese, and an

an ill-tongued woman will trouble a whole Towne.

He that is given to sleepe, is borne to much trouble, and to
over watch nature, may be a hurt to wit.

He that leaveth the learned to live with the ignorant, may
happen upon some wealth, but he shall never be wise.

An untrusty servant may rob a man of his goobs, but a dog-
ged wife will vex his heart.

If you see a Trull, scarce give her a nod, but follow her not
least you prove a Noddy.

A courteous Plaisitian will make much of his Patient, and
time pleasers are no true Divines.

Strong Beere hath two contrary vertues, it will quench
thirst, and warme a stomacke.

He that offends God to please a creature, is like him that
killeth himselfe to avoid a hurt.

She that loves to make faces, may have an Ape for her
Schoole-master, and he that feeds her humours, puts his wits to
much trouble.

He that loveth many can hardly please all, and he that loveth
none, is either dogged or foolish.

A foole that is rich shal be followed with Beggars, but the
vertuous and wise are truly honourable.

He that feasteth the rich, makes a friendship with Mammon
but he that relieveth the poore, is blessed of God.

A whores teares are a fooles poyson, and a Thieves watch is a
Travailers woe.

The shot of a Canon makes a terrible report, but hee that
starts at the noyse of it, will hardly prove a Souldier.

The sound of a Trumpet, stirs up the spirits for a Souldier,
but if his heart failes him, he will not fight.

Womans Tyres is an idle commodity, and to live by Panda-
risme is a roguish Profession.

Swearing and lying is much among wicked men, and yet
being so little believed, I wonder they do not leave it.

A proud spirit is hatefull to nature, and he that is unthank-
full for little, is worthy of nothing.

The hopes of the vertuous makes harvest in heaven, and
the despair of the wicked brings aher Souls to hell.

The

The spiders web is a net for a Fly, and a flattering tongue is a trap for a foole.

The sight of a sword will affright a Coward, while a seasoned Soldier makes a Flea bite of a wound.

A partiall Judge makes a pittifull Law, and a dumbe Preacher a pittifull parish.

A bloody Souldier makes a pitifull warre, and he that trusteth an Enemy, may be betrayed ere he be aware.

The Souldiers honour is got with great travell, while the Usurer tumbled in the case of his wealth.

The true Spirit regards no drossie, and he that makes a God of his Gold, will goe to the Devill like a Begger.

He that leaves his spurs in his horses belly, may sit downe and sigh when he is weary with walking.

He that will passe quietly thorow a Common-Wealth, must avoyd the Foole, and take heed of the knave.

An Usurper of a Crowne will breed murmures in a Kingdome, but a wise Governour is worthy of his place.

He that cloyeth his stomack, is an enemy to nature, and to o-ber-charge wit, is an abule to reason.

Vanity and pride make the Fooles paradise, while love and beauty are the Nurser of Idlenes.

Blessed Children are the Parents joyes, while the barren wombe is the curse of nature.

A Wise General and a valiant Leader, are very requisite in a Campe, but tyranie in a conquest disgraceth the Souldier.

The Glowormes belly is the candle of the Earth, and the Phoenix nest is to high for the world.

The longest day will have night at last, and age will wither the smootheest skin in the world.

The dearth of Corne makes Farmers rich, but to starve the people is the shame of a State.

No Preaching in the world will make a Jew a Christian, and a Cutpurse will be at his worke when the Thiefe is at the Gallowes.

He that hath lost his eyes, may bid his friends good night, and he that is going to the Grave, hath made an end with the world.

A faire

Whispering Wench.
A faire man is like Curds and creame, and a foule woman the
griefe of the eyes.

A witty wanton is a pleasing Mistris, but an honest Huswife
is the best to breed on.

He that is given to drinking is subject to the dropie, and a
liquorish Grocer will eate out his gaine.

A Garden is pleasant if it be full of faire flowers, so is a faire
woman indued with good qualities.

A faire flower without scent, is like a faire woman without
grace.

Herbes are wholesome gathered in their time, and money
well used is an excellent Meall.

If Christmas lasted all the yeare, what would become of
Lent? and if every day were Good-friday, the World would
be weary of fasting.

The griefe of the heart is a weakening of the body, but the
worme of conscience eates into the very soule.

A jest is never well broken, but when it hurteth not the hear-
ers, and profiteth the speaker.

Hope is comfortable in absence, but possession is the true
pleasure.

Words out of time are lost, and service unrewarded is mis-
erable.

To follow Fooles in the annoyance of wit, and to serve a
Churle is miserable slavery.

Variety of acquaintance is good for observation, and to make
use of knowledge proves the sence of understanding.

Early rising gaires the morning, and a darke night is the
Theeves watch.

A fantastick Traveller is the figure of an Ape, and a proud
woman is a fooles Idoll.

The eye is small, yet it seeth much, and the heart but little,
and yet it is the life of the body.

The hopes of profit makes labour easie, and the hand of boun-
ty winnes the heart of vertue.

A Candle gives a dimme light in the Sunne, and where *Di-*
na keepes her Court, *Cupid* is out of countenance.

A man is dead when he sleepeth, and darkenesse is the sorrow
of time.

There is no true rich man but the contented, not truly poore but the covetous.

A weake body is not for travell, nor a simple wit for a Scepter. No man liveth that doth not sometimes amisse, but he that delighteth in sinne is a Divell incarnate.

They that love their beds, are great Flea-feeders, and he that spends his spirits, cannot have a strong body.

The rich mans goods makes him fearefull to dye, and the poore mans want makes him weary of his life.

The fire of anger burneth the soule, and the cold of feare chilleth the heart.

Snuffe a Candle and it will burne cleere, and cut off dead flesh and the wound will heale the sooner.

The heart-ache brings the body into sicknesse, but the Worme of conscience breeds the soules torment.

Times alter nature, and honours manners, but a vertuous heart will never yeeld to villany.

Miseries are the tryall of patience, but Love is the master of passions.

Thought is a swift Traveller, and the soule is in heaven in an instant.

A kind nature winneth love, but a stubborne spirit is a plague to reason.

The disease of opinion doth beguile us in the tast of happines, while the vanitie of delights is but the superfluities of desires.

Patience at the point of death, sets a seale to the perfections, of life.

How vaine is the love of riches, which may be lost, or left in an instant?

In the tryall of truth, excuse will not helpe dishonesty.

Try wits by their wildome, and love them for their vertue.

Rejoyce not in any mans miserie, but be pittifull to thy very Enemy, and comfort the afflicted in what is fit for charity.

Follow not the amorous. For they are humorous, nor the humorous, for they are idie.

Give what thou doest frankly, and be master of thine owne purse, least base familiarity make bridgement of thy bounty.

Be not jealous without just causes, and doe no wrong for any

Wits private wealth.

If thou doest ill, doe not excuse it: if well, doe not boast of it.
Nature inclined to evill, must by correction be brought to good, for discretion by instruction, findes the way to perfection.

The key of wantonnes, openeth the doore unto wickednesse.

The cares of businesse, and the variety of pleasures, are the soules hindrance to her highest happinesse.

Sinne comes with conception, but grace one'y by inspiration.

In repentance of sinne, sorrow bringeth comfort.

Where Pride is payson to power, and Will an enemy to patience, there Envie can endure no equality, till death put an end to desire.

Greater is the griefe to lose then never to have, and to see the fall of vertue, then the death of nature.

Irrevocable is the losse of time, and incomparable the griefe of ingratitude, but the abuse of love, is abhorred in nature.

When a Dog howles, an Owle sings, a Woman scolds, and a Pigge cries, whether for a penny is the best musicke?

Full hearts cannot weepe. and swallowed sighes make swolne breasts, while wildome covereth woes, till death cover wretchednesse.

Who laboureth for knowledge, makes a benefit of time, but he that loveth vertue, lookes after eternity.

The intrusion of truth makes the wit gracious, while the practice of craft makes the heart impious.

He that makes beauty a Starre, studies a false Astronomy, and he that is soundly in love, needs no other purgatory.

The depth of passion, tryeth the height of patience, where if wit bridle not the senses, nature will reveale her imperfection.

The remembrance of vanities, is a reviving of miseries, where the Looking-glasse of life, becomes an houre-glasse of death.

The exercise of venery, is the Cow-path to beggery, and he that diminisheth his stocke, may goe to the hedge for a stake.

The Land-lords prodigality, makes the Tenants profit, and a proud begger is a dogged Rascall.

A Cat may lose a Mouse, and catch her againe, but he that loseth his meane can never recover it.

When rich men dye, they are buried with pompe, but when good men dye, they are buried with teares.

Wits private wealth.

Bodily actions makes fearefull visions, while the joy of peace is the Spirits Paradise.

When all under the Sunne is vanity, where hath vertue her dwelling in the World? But onely in the heart of the Elect, whose love is onely in the Heavens.

An intemperate spirit spoiles the body, and a proud heart gives a wound to the soule.

The shame of wit is folly, and the shame of nature sinne.

Who travelleth out of the World to seeke the truth of Heavens History, if he be not assured of Grace, will make but an unhappy journey.

Comfortable is the Grave where death is the end of griefe, but joyfull is that Faith, that findes the life of Eternity.

A Knight that dares not fight, hath honour in jezt, and a Merchant without money may adventure for nothing.

The pinching of the body makes a stinking breath, and strait Shooes fill the feet full of cornes.

Women with child long for many things, but all the World longs for money.

A great wit may have a weake body, and a great head but a little wit.

The Dolphin is held the swiftest Fish in the Sea, but the thought of a man hath no comparison in the World.

The Tyger is said to be the cruellest beast in the World, but an Usurer upon a bond will goe to the Divell for money.

A Mayden-blush is an excellent colour, and a vertuous wit makes a Virgin honourable.

A constant Lover is an admirable creature, but the man of wealth goes thorow the World.

Officers are sweet in the nature of gaine, but the abuse of authority is the burthen of Conscience.

A foreeye is ever running, and a Gossips tongue is ever babling.

Crosse paths many times put a man out of his way, and crosse fortunes many wayes put a man out of his wits.

Great winds are dangerous at Sea, so is a Judges breath to an offender.

The Philosophers stones hath mockt a number of Students,

and Love hath troubled a world of idle people.

Virginity is precious while it is purely kept, but if it catch a cracke, the beauty is gone.

The eyes grow dimme when they come to Spectacles, and it is cold in Valleys, when snow lyeth on the Mountaines.

The sting of a Scorpion is onely healed with his blood, and where beauty wounds, love makes the cure.

Imprisonment and death are the miseries of nature, and the Sergeants Mace is a hellish weapon.

A Child that feares not the rod will hardly prove gracious, and a man that feares not God, will be in Hell ere he be aware.

Elixirs are great restoratives, but much Physicke is offensive to nature.

A pen without Inke writes a very blanke letter, and a purse without money makes many a cold heart.

Stolne Venison is fyeet, so the stealer can scape, but if he be caught, he will pay for his hunting.

The Anglers sport is full of patience, and if he lose his hooke, he makes a faire fishing.

A shower of raine doth well in a drought, but when dust turnes to durt, the house is better then the high-way.

A little Salt seasons a great Pot, and a little poyson kils a World of people.

Jewels are as they are esteemed, and there is nothing forced that is welcome.

A little Seed will sow a great ground, and a snuffe of a Candle will set a whole house on fire.

The want of necessities breakes the heart of an honest man, and to be beholding to a Churle, is death to a good mind.

When the rich prey on the poore, and the poore pray for the rich, there is great difference in praying.

A Scold and a foole must bee answered with silence, while Widomes words are worth the writing in gold.

Philosophy is a sweet study, and the Hiltories are sometime worth the reading, but the Bible in all excellence puts downe all the Bookes in the World.

Much reading makes a ready Scholler, but the gift of nature doth much in Art.

wits private wealth.

A Foole and a knave cannot take thought, while an honest heart is full of sorrow.

A furre Traveller seeth much, but he that goes to Heaven makes a happy journey.

The Kings of the earth are rich in Gold; but blessed are the soules that are rich in grace.

The Ayre is often cleansed by lightning, but till the World change, men will never be cleane from sinne.

An escape from danger is comfortable, but to keepe our of it is Wisedome.

He that makes an Epicure of his minde, makes a gull of his wit: for time is precious to the understanding Spirit.

A Diamond may be little, and yet of a great price, but the grace of God is more worth than the whole World.

Fancy and fashion trouble many idle people, but the study of Divinity ravisheth the soules of the Elect.

Cockes of the Game will by nature fight, and a heart of Oake will burit ere it bend.

The sight of the Sea will fright a faint heart, while the Saylers care but a little for the Land.

The eyes of fooles make a foule noyse, while the hearts of the honest bleed inwardly.

May-games and jests fill the World full of mirth, but the feeling of Grace fills the soule full of joy.

A Fly feeds a Swallow that will choake a man, and that which kills a Spider, will comfort a man.

The Stone and the Gowte doe follow the rich, but Death where he cometh makes a swoope with all persons.

A poore man in his Cottage is merrier with his pittance, then many a Lord with his Living.

Great minds and small meanes, are the overthrow of many good wits.

A broken heart is Gods cure, whose oyle of grace is a salve for all sores.

He that hath forsworne a Beard hath a strange face, and she that hath no teeth may learne to sucke.

A friend is best tryed at a need, and a fawning Foe is not to be trusted.

Beefe and Mutton are strong food, and good sauce to any meate in the World.

Sicknesse is the bodys curbe, and sorrow the minds; but unkindnesse in a friend, is the break-heart of a good spirit.

Necessity will breake thorow stone walles, but to make an exercise of Beggery, is the condition of a Rascall.

A painted Sword is for a bragging Coward, but the Souldiers Iron makes way where he goes.

The rarenesse of a toy will set up the price, but the goodnesse of any thing is best esteemed with the wife.

A Bird without feathers will flye ill-favouredly, and a man without money, is out of heart with all mirth.

To be delivered of a Child is a joy to a Woman, and to be delivered from prison is comfort to a man, but to be delivered from sinne is the truest joy of the soule.

A forward Child is seldome long lived and to beget a foole is a grieve to the Parents.

He that cryeth without cause, is worthy of hurt, and he that feelles no hurt, is full of dead flesh.

Travaile is good for stayed wits, and a strong body is best for labour.

The rich man to fill the t'other bag, will pare a poore man to the very bones, but the good man will relieve his poore neighbour at his need.

An unskilfull Rider may quickly be out of his Saddle, and a poore Horse can goe but softly.

Some say Tobacco is good to purge the Head, but he that followeth it well, will finde it a shrewd purge to his purse.

No eye can see the brightnesse of the Sunne; how glorious is then that light from whence it hath light?

Many are fortunate that are not wise, but there is no man happy untill he come into Heaven.

Fire and sword are the terrour of a Campe, but Thunder and lightning are the terrour of the World.

A fire House is a comfortable Lodging, but the sweet song reviveth the senses.

A faire Horse is comely to looke on, but if he prove he is nought for travaile.

The fire of afflictions refine the Spirits of the faithfull, and
happy is the heart that endures to the end.

Many factions breeds seditions, but unity and peace are the
joyes of a Kingdome.

An Asses bray is an unpleasant noyse, but the knell of a pas-
sing Bell, kills the heart of the wicked.

A man will forbear many things for feare of the Law, but
few forbear any sinne for feare of Gods Judgement.

Delicate meates are no strong food, but the Spring-water
is cleere drinke.

Great assemblies are markets for the Cut-purse, but a bare
purse kills his heart.

Envie among great men, makes misery of poore men, and
when women breeds the quarrels, they are not easily ended.

A discreet Judge makes a blessed Law, and a penitent Offen-
der is worthy of pardon.

Great boast and small roast, makes a cold Kitchin, and shrug-
ging of shoulders is no paying of debts.

He that may live well and will not, is of a wicked nature, but
he that would live well and cannot, hath his heart full of griefe.

The Flies and the Bees live in swarmes, and the Ants and the
Wormes live in heapes, but men can hardly make a Company
to live in quiet.

Poysoned drinke may be in a silver Cup, and he that plucketh
a Rose, may pricke his hand in gathering of it.

The Porpoises in the Sea will play against a storme, and many
make a Banquet to be rid of their gnetts.

The Merchant and the Trades-man are upholders of a Com-
mon-wealth, but if they leave out the Farmer, they may fast for
their supper.

A discreet woman is worthy of honour, and a foolish man is
the disgrace of Nature.

Small Children dread the fire, while old Fooles will play
with the coales.

A ravening Curre is not good for a houle, and a Hawke that
eateth fowle, will never be a high flyer.

He that removes a Land-marke, is a very bad neighbour, and
he that sets a Travailer out of his way, is a wicked villaine.

Ale-

A delaying hope is grievous to the heart, but to despaire is the greater torment of the soule.

To lye in bed and not sleepe, to see mexte and have no stomacke, to serve long and get no wages, are three great miseries in the life of man.

No man knowes a griefe so well as he that hath it, and no man more joyfull than he that is rid of it.

It is a griefe to a man to lacke wit, but more griefe to some to lacke grace to governe it.

An aged man is a Kalender of experience, and a spruce Youth is like a picture,

A deadly wound makes a quicke dispatch, but a lingering hope breeds a long griefe.

To meddle with State matters may be more trouble than profit, but to part man and wife is a wicked practice.

At a little hole a man may see day, but if he shuts his eyes, the light will doe him little good.

Horse-leeches will burst with sucking of blood, and a sveling Toade is a venomous creature.

A Tortoyse shell will hardly breake, but at the least touch she will pull in her head.

He that hath a wife hath a charge, and he that hath a good wife, hath a blessing, but he that hath a bad wife, is in a pittifull taking.

She that loves not her Husband, lackes either honesty or wit, and she that loves not her selfe, will goe neere to be shurtish.

The VVinters night is for the Gossips Cup, and Summers heate makes the Brewers Harvest.

The Lambe and the Dove are two prety creatures, but the Dog and the Hog are sullen beasts.

A Foxe by nature is full of craft, while a Foole wants reason to make use of it.

The smooth grasse will hide a Snake, and a fained smile a false heart.

To goe to Church for fashion, is an abuse of Religion, and to pray without devotion, is breath to no purpose.

Good Inke graceth a letter, but if thy Paper be naught, the Pen will doe no good.

A long dyet kills the stomacke, and a desperate purge may be a perill of life,

The Owle and the Swallow bring in Winter and Summer, but the Nightingale and the Cuckow talke onely of the merry time.

Light gaines make heaueie purses, but he that labours for nothing, may give over his worke.

He that will hold out the yeare, must abide VVinter and Summer, and he that will goe into Heaven, must endure the miseries of the VVorld.

To feed a lesser is but a jest of wit, but he that gives not eare to a tale, it never troubles him.

VVhen a Lyon roares, come not in his way, and when a Fox preacheth, beware the Geese.

A faithfull friend is a rich Jewell, and a silent woman is a strange creature.

Nature is subject to imperfection, but an Atheist is a horrible creature.

Hee that lights in a whirle-poolle, is in danger of drowning, and the losse of liberty is the sorrow of nature.

A rich Court is a goodly sight, but he that lookes up to Heaven, will not care for the VVorld.

VVhen old men are wisfull, their wits are out of temper, and when young men are wise, they are in the way to honour.

An old Sore tryes the skill of a Physitian, and if hee get a name, he will quickly be rich.

The Fish in the River is not afraid of drowning, and if he play with a Baite, it will cost him his life.

An Asse hath long eares, and a Fox a long tayle, but a tongue will be so long, that it will over-reach out of measure.

A neighing Horse is not good for a Thiefe, nor a queeting Spaniell will not make a good Setter.

A Dog will rejoyce at the sight of his Master, when perhaps his Mistris will frowne at his coming home.

The bones of the dead, breake the hearts of the living, when a poore gamster looseth his money.

The idleness of the heart is tryed in aduersity, and the doggedness of the mind, in the height of prosperity.

When the Hare is in chase feare makes her runne, but w.
the Hounds are at fault, she hath time to get away.

He that playes the Rogue in the morning, may be a villaine
till night, but if he be sorry when he goes to bed, he may rise an
honest man.

He that is wounded in the Heart, hath made an end of his
dayes, but he that hath made a wound in the Soule, knowes not
when to end his sorrow.

A Looking-glasse will make a Foole proud of his beauty, but
an Houre-glasse will make a wise man remember his end.

The variety of Flowers makes the Spring beautifull, but the
faire Harveit makes a fat Barne.

To bacco smoke is very costly, but the ashes of it are good for
a gall'd Horse Backe.

A proud Mechanique will looke over a Merchant, and a rich
Churle will looke like Bull-beefe.

The wind is weake, yet it blowes downe great Oakes, and
water is weake, yet it swallowes up great Ships.

A worne-eaten Nut is not worth the cracking, and a crackt
Jewell not worth the wearing.

Money-masters are the pride of the Market, but if you part
without a pot, you are no good fellow.

A subtile Bowler will have a shrewd ayme, but if he make his
bayce, his Bowle may deceive him.

A dropping nose had need of a handketcher, and a splayfoo-
red woman is a beastly sight.

Time is never idle, but not ever well employed, when wic
without government falls to fast upon folly.

He that hath many wounds, loseth much blood, and he that
hath many quarrels, will have little quiet.

Unkindnesse is a cut to an honest heart, but a dogged wife is
the hearts torture.

He that salts his meate, will keepe it from stinking, and he
that mortifies his flesh, will keepe it from much sinne.

He that hath an ill face, had need of a good wit, but money
covereth many imperfections.

When the winder are downe, the Sea will be calme, but quar-
rels begun, are not easily ended.

Where there is much earison, there will be store of Crows,
and at the buriall of a Rich man, there will be store of Beggers.

Threescore yeeeres and ten are a mans faire age, but after
four score his strength is gone.

To wrastle, with a Begger, a man may get but a lowse, and
to brabble with a fould, will make but a foule noyse.

Many hands make quicke worke, but one is enough in a
purse.

Good hearbes make wholsome broth, but a filthy weed among
them may marre all.

A Winters Summer makes an unkindly Harvest, and Sum-
mers Winter is not healthfull for man.

A Cuckold is the scorne of Marriage; but a Wittoll is a
beast in nature.

A finicall fellow is like an Usher of a danking Schoole, and
a demure Mistresse like the picture of Hipocrisie.

Three chiefe things a Travallour had need to have a care of,
his tongue, his purse, and his middle finger.

Three other things had all men need to looke to: the
soule, the body, and the estate.

To converse with Children is got little experience: but to
talk with Fooles, is the abuse of wit.

Revenge is the villany of nature, and tyranie the horror of
reason.

What a jest it is in the nature of reverence, when men must
put off their Hats while their Masters are a pissing.

Vice makes perfection in many things, else could not the
Hang-man be so nimble at the halter.

A skillfull Physician knows how to use his Patient, and a
cunning Lawyer to doe with his Clyents.

He that hath a Mint of money, and an idle woman to spend it,
let him feed all her humours, and he shall soone see an end of it.

He that reckoneth his Chickens before they be hatcht, may
misse of his brood when the Hen leaves the nest.

When Geese flye together, they are knowne by their cack-
ling, and when Gossips doe meet they will be heard.

All Earthly things have an end, but the torments of the
wicked are endless.

In great extremities are tryed the greatest friendings, when mans helpe faileth, God is a sweet comfort.

The miseries of the world are many, but Gods mercies are infinite.

Hollow windes are a signe of mine, and a long consumption is incurable.

The Gowt and the Stone are two tickling diseases, but the Pox is a slight cure.

Hell gates, and a Whores apron, are ever open for wicked guests.

To the faithfull there is no damnation, and to the damned no salvation.

A crafty Knave needs no Broker, and a snarling Cope will bite behind.

Vnder simplicity is hidden much subtilty, and the Crocodiles teares are the death of the Travailer.

The Camellion liveth onely in the ayre, and the Salamander lives onely in the fire.

To trafficke with vanity, is to runne into misery, and had-I-wilt is an idle speech.

The world goes hard with pride, when a Lady lyeth at a red Lattice.

True Knights make Ladies, and counterfeits marre them.

Need makes heavie shift, when a man pawnes his cloathes for his dinner.

When Taylors began to meete Lords Lands by the yarde, then began Gentility to goe downe the winde.

VWhen vanity brings toyes to idlenesse, let wit beware of foolishnesse.

VWhen a Soldiers pay is most in provant, he will hardly be led into a sharpe piece of service.

He that makes holiday of every day, makes an idle weekes worke, and he that labours on the Sabbath, will never have his worke to prosper.

A Schollers commons makes a short dinner, and yet he will be in more health then the Epicure.

An ill blast of wind will spoyle a good plant, and a hard frost is bad for fruit.

With private Wealib.

A poore man shuts his doore to keepe out the wind, but a rich man shuts his doore to keepe out beggers.

A kindly Collier is ever besmeared, and a Smith and a Glasse-maker, are never out of the fire,

A Downe bed is soft to lye on, but yet it soakes the body more then a Mattreis.

Truth hath often much adoe to be beleaved, and a lye runs farre before it be stayed.

To be busie with a multitude, is to incurre trouble, and to feare Sparrow-blasting is a pittifull folly.

When wit brings youth to beauty, and vanity brings pride to beggery, then reason seeth natures misery.

A sorry bargaine makes a heavie Soule, when the heart akes and cannot be helpt.

Evill words are the worst part of eloquence, & he that breaks the peace, must answer the Law.

Affability breeds love, but familiarity contempt.

He that is carelesse of his estate, may quickly prove a begger; and he that is carelesse of God, will quickly prove a Divell.

Witches and Sorcerers doe much hurt a Common-wealth, but after the Gallowes, they goe to the Divell.

A Parrat well taught, will talke strangely in a Cage, but the Nightingale sings most sweetly in the Wood.

An unkind Neighbour is ill to dwell by, and an unwholesome body is ill to lye by.

A poysoned Sword is a pestilent weapon, and he that useth it, hath a murderous heart.

A trotting Horse beates sore in heard way, but a roste Jade is a villanous Beast.

The wound of sorrow goes deepe into the heart, but a Bullet in the braine is a medicine for all Diseases.

An ill weede growes fast, but a paire of sheares will cut him downe.

Treason was most abhominable, and Iobs patience most admirable.

Sweet fresh water is comfortable in a City, and the want of it is the plague of the people.

Study is the exercise of the mind, but too much of it may be
spoil of the braine.

VWhen the Saddle pincheth, how can the Horse trauaile?
and when the wife lacke money, their wits are in a poore
case.

Howling Dogs betoken death, and a Scritch-Owle at a win-
dow brings no good rydings to a house.

Bebes will be stilled with lullaby, but an old Foole will never
be quiet.

The Sunne is the Labourers Dyall, and the Cocke the Hus-
wifes VVatchman.

Diogenes Tub was a poore house, and yet *Alexander* would
come thither to talke with him.

Many a Dog is hanged for his skin, and many a man is kil-
led for his purse.

Hee that loves not a VVoman, lackes a piece of a man
and he that loves too many, may be weary of his VVoo-
ing.

The favour of the Earth makes a Plough-man hungry, and
after a storme, the Saylers drinke merrily.

A VVaxe-candle and a VVatch are good for a Student, but
if he want wit, he will be no great Scholler.

A private rebuke, is a sweeter correction, but an open punish-
ment makes some shamelesse.

When Shepheards fall to be Hunt-men, the Woolfe may be
with their Flockes: and when he Warrener is at the Ale-
house, his Coneyes may bestoile.

He that goeth softly, commonly goeth safely: but if he have
hast of his way, he loseth much time.

'Tis soon enough, that is well enough, and never too late
that doth good at last.

The desire of doing well is accepted before God, but the neg-
lect of doing well deserueth his displeasure.

Sweet are the dearets of Love, but bitter is the tast of repen-
tance.

Who attendeth profit, is not sorry for patience, and
the faithfull with the patient, are best Travaillers to He-
ven.

A faire hand is a veruious ornament, but a veruious spirit is
a royall treasure.

A sharpe wit hath a quick apprehension, but a pudicious spirit
hath the best understanding.

He that trutleth words, proveth hope, and he that serveth
a feeleloseth time.

Without valour, Men are shadows: and without love, Wo-
men tortures.

Delay is the griefe of hope, but good never comes to late.

That is not to day may be to morrow, but yester day will ne-
ver come againe.

It is a tearefull thing to fall into the hands of God, but it is a
soule thing to shake hands with the Devill.

The greatest prooffe of folly is wilfulnesse, and the greatest
prooffe of wit is patience.

Too much reading is ill for the eye sight, and too little rea-
ding is ill for the insight.

Time slipped is unhappy, time lost is grievous, time well ta-
ken shewes rare, but to imploy it well is gracious.

And so much for this time.

Laus Deo

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